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Rock," and here the stream enters a deep gorge. The hills tower almost perpendicularly; and the place has the solemn stillness of the shores of some far-off waters in the yet unbroken wilderness. A few huge rocks lie in the bed of the creek, but make no eddies in the water. The woods, clothing the enclosing steeps, bury their shadows in its dark surface. The rock, wild and lofty, crowns the summit of the eastern range of hills. It is shaped like a pulpit, square, and with a deep cavity in its front. On its top stands the rude figure of an Indian, set there in remembrance of

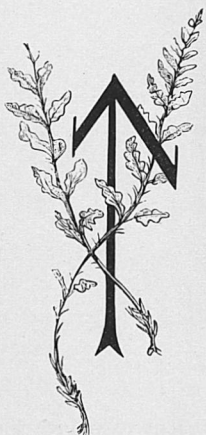
the last chief of the aborigines (the Lenni-Lenape tribes) on these grounds.

Fairmount Park is literally full of such Elysian haunts, pleasant alike in the glowing summer, or in the gorgeous-hued autumn when the foliage, myriad-tinted, is bathed in the subduing haze of the Indian-summer. There are spots which are, indeed, the happiest of resting-places; where one may dream of past dreams, hear songs of spring again which dead voices had sung, and linger in a melancholy more sweet than joy.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XI.

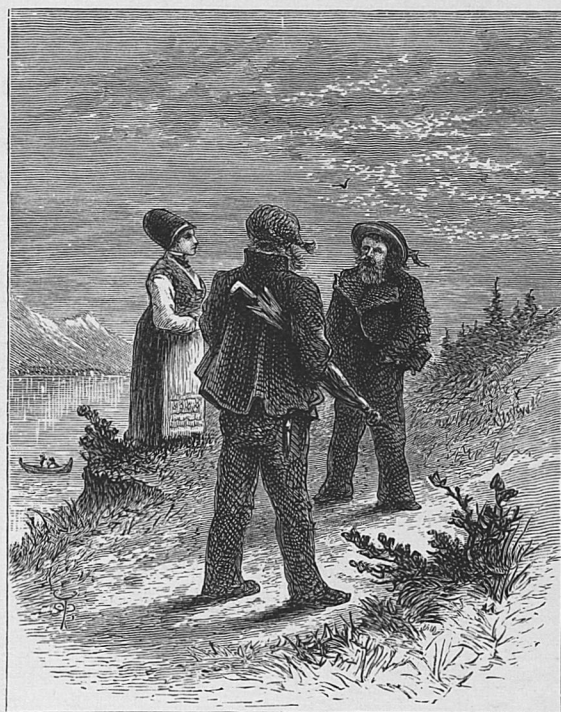


HE travelling in Norway is principally carried on by cariole, row boat, and steamer. From the immense extent of seaboard the latter mode has naturally been much cultivated and well developed; more especially as the Government has not only countenanced it, but encouraged its development in every possible way. Our route in this paper draws our attention to this last mode of conveyance, and we leave Bergen, with all its interesting monuments, associations, costumes, and commercial interests, to wend our way up the coast to the north. Starting from the port, with its varieties of shipping from all parts of Europe, its Nordlander "Jagts" always prominent, its churches standing well out from the

moist haze and smoke of the city, a scene at all times picturesque, we soon settle down for steamboat travelling. On this occasion there was a very unusual bustle at the mouth of the port, a freshish breeze was blowing, and a small schooner yacht was being towed out for a trial trip. From the amount of bunting and excitement, not only on board the yacht, but on shore and on our steamer, this was evidently a great event. Her sails all ready to be hoisted as soon as the hawser was let go, one would imagine that chase was about to be given to a smuggler, or that a viking had appeared in the offing. It was, however, only for a sail, and our little coast steamer was soon away by herself, ploughing in loneliness through the fjord. And now for the healthy pleasant delights of sea-coast trips. With our luggage quietly stowed awaiting our bidding, and a calm satisfaction that the steamer was well found, our meals punctual and plenteous, our captain well up to his work, the steward anxious to take care of us, and our travelling companions likely to be agreeable—the Norwegians being kindly to strangers who are courteous to them—there is in fact only one drawback to the steamer work; it is this, and it occurs in the forepart of the vessel. "Schaal" † for Gamle Norge is a good thing and a noble sentiment, but too often repeated, with the usual accompaniments, it becomes offensive. The peasants come on board at the numerous stations, and can procure on board every variety of spirit which cannot be obtained on shore. They, therefore, make the most of their opportunity, and soon the demon of our own land appears—"inebriation"—bringing discomfort to the recipient, misery to his belongings, disgust in his surroundings, and finally a besotted and wrecked old age; for although strong constitutions may resist its inroads for a time, they must inevitably succumb at last and pay the penalty. Either the victim is quarrelsome or maudlingly stupid: the demon makes his mark in so many ways. The natural expression of the features is no more to be found, the eye loses its brightness, its sweetness is changed for heavy moistness, its telegraphic and sensitive

expression is no more, the lips, before so full of character, are no longer the exponents of subtle feeling, the hand trembles, the feet shuffle, the whole frame is limp, the muscles are flaccid, and the brain muddled to futile dreaming. If this be a curse in public, what must it be when it invades a home, and the wife longs to see her husband free from this evil spirit and restored to his former noble nature?

But let us turn to the feast to which nature invites us. At every moment the seascape changes, new peaks open to us, the clouds are massing, ready to be gilded by the setting sun, and soon we have the heavens in a blaze of fiery glory and impressive grandeur. As we approach the outer islands of the Norwegian coast we find strong glacial markings, less vegetation, and the characteristics of the line of route, all up the west coast of Norway, can be carefully and comfortably studied by the most moderate "sailors," as the outlying islands keep the steamer track quite smooth, and it is only when the entrance of some large fjord is passed that any motion is felt or any rolling occurs. The villages



Nordfjord Peasants.

generally nestle close to the water-side, the church in the centre, the præstegaard close by; but a variation occurs in one village particularly: the church answers the double purpose of God's service and the fisher's beacon, and is placed well upon the top of the hill. There are many excuses made by exemplary Christians for not going to church, but the difficulty of access to the one in this case suggests to the pilgrim the frequent cry of "Excelsior," while he would be very thankful if it were lower. In making this passage those who are in Norway for the first

* Continued from page 360, volume for 1877.

† Health.

time must be struck by seeing that both sides of the vessel are sometimes within three feet of the bare rocks, which go down precipitously into the sea. No wonder, then, that the old woodcuts of the sixteenth century show large rings in the face of bare sea rocks for the vessels to moor to. One part of the coast near

Steensund is most bare; the masses of rock, entirely rounded by ice in past ages, seem to be too smooth for vegetation to get a footing. The spot, however, finds favour with lobsters, who seem to thrive here, and ultimately find themselves in England, ending their days decorated with the usual dish garnishing

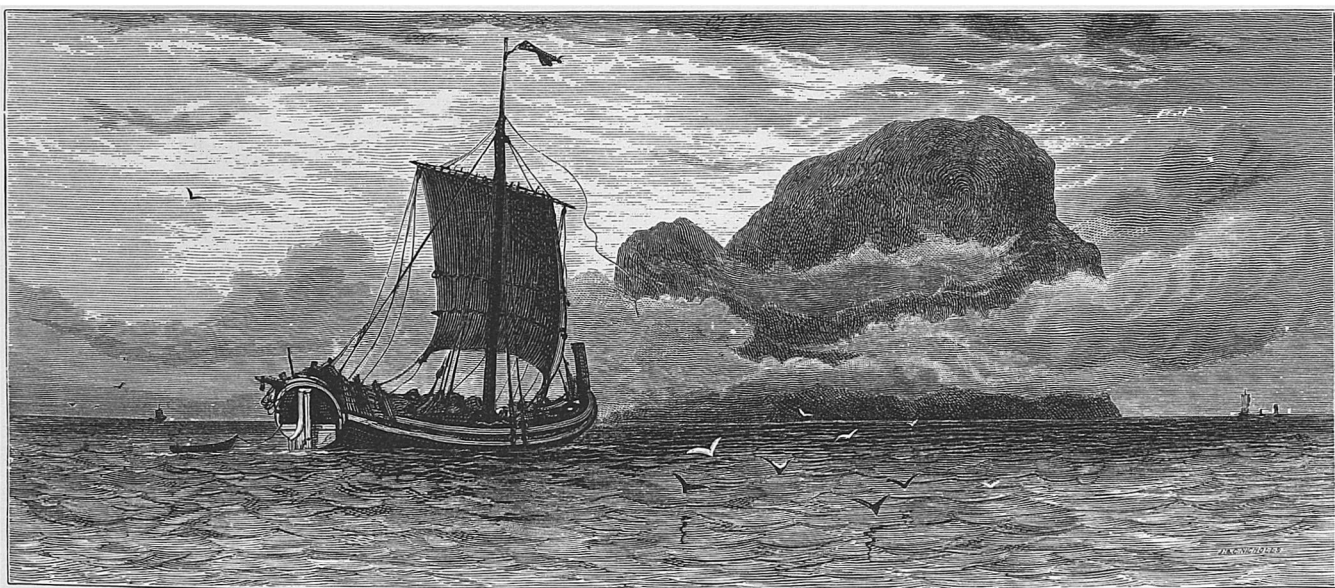


Ousen.

of parsley. Even for lobster, travelling is very expensive, for the difference of price between lobsters there and lobsters in England is simply astonishing.

On some parts of the west coast red deer are found, and now that these animals are scarce it seems a pity they should be in danger of extermination. Better far would it be if the *chasseur*

had strength of mind and self-denial sufficient to induce him to give these last of their race such a respite or a series of closed seasons as to let them increase in number. One fine head came on board—a very healthy, powerful horn, and royal on both sides. The beam was much thicker than it usually is in the horns of stags killed in Scotland, and very grand in form.



The Island of Alden.

The haunch weighed thirty-eight pounds English, so that it must have been a "gude beastie."

After passing the entrance of the Sogne Fjord, and having experienced a little rolling, we sighted the island of "Alden," a very imposing mass of rock, supposed to resemble a lion's head; and, fortunately for us, there was less mist rolling

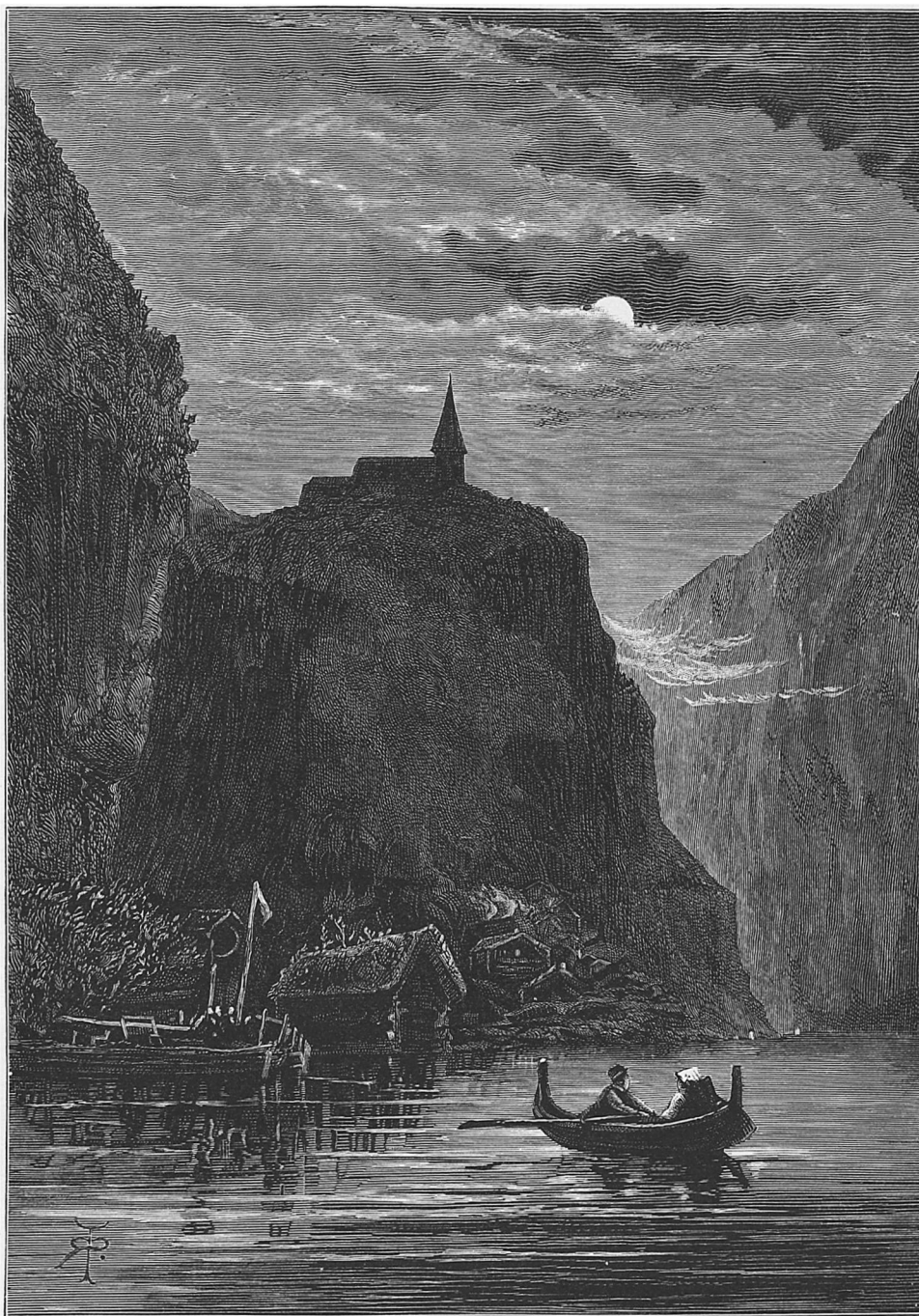
around it than usual. It would have been a sad disappointment had we only had its whereabouts suggested to us—and that is the fate of many who are anxious to see it. Our wholesome little craft soon leaves Alden far behind, and we begin to worm our way through narrow passages, with the rocks nearer than ever to her sides; and at last we leave her to take a boat,

in order that we may row up to Ousen, a lovely spot, with such garden roofs, such farm buildings, and such a farm-house! The spot where we landed is shown in the woodcut. The river was of the most beautiful soda-water-bottle colour; the wooden buildings topped with the mountain-ash in all its gala beauty of bright clusters of berries. The beams used in the construction of the houses were very old and very large, and the size of the Sea House suggests the importance of this locality as a centre for general merchandize. We arrived here about three in the morning, and the servant at the farm-house showed us to our

rooms, which had a weird ghostly appearance from their bareness, size, and height. The old staircase indicated that once it had been well kept up; and then, as we looked about for some indication of date, we at last found a good specimen of a snapbalance pistol, dating about 1625, which tallied well with the period we had already assigned to the house.

We had now left the sea for a time, and, after a few hours' rest the Tentmaster-General reported everything ready for a start. And soon we were *en route* for Sande.

Sande is a place of sweet waters to the traveller. After rough



The Village and Church of Alva.

roads, bad beds, sparse food, and occasional parasites—what a change! The probability is that a stranger would pass the comfortable-looking house, with its creepers over the porch, its well-stocked garden, and English home-life and generally inviting appearance. The geniality and kindly welcome offered by the master of the house is also a joy, and every one who visits it has a strong wish to rest for a while in such agreeable quarters. The valley is very bold and grand, and good expeditions can be made in all directions. The Paymaster-General, with honest

pride, pointed out to us where, on a former visit, he had killed a fine fish, and seemed to realise the fact that, having once experienced that pleasure, you can go on killing the same fish, with all its pleasant associations, for the rest of your life. Soon had we, however, to leave this inviting spot for rougher quarters. We were due north, to be up for August 1st for reindeer; and as time, tide, and August 1st wait for no man, we started for our next station—Nedre Vasenden, on the Jolster Vand; and when we arrived there no luxuriant garden growth welcomed us.